Haſt. His grace lookes cheerefully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewne it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuailed
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witcheraſts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my graciour Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As

As loth to beare me to the ſlau
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that
I now repent I told the Purſiu
As twere triumphing at mine
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now
Is lightened on poore *Haſtings*
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs t
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of
Which we more hunt for, thei
Who builds his hopes in aire
Liues like a drunken Sayler o
Ready with euery nod to tum
Into fatall bowels of the deep
Come leade me to the blocke
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly

Enter Duke of Gloſter a

Glo. Come couſen, canſt tho
Murther thy breath in middl
And then begin againe and ſt
As if thou wert deſtraught an
Buc Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe T
Speake, and looke backe, and
Intending deepe ſuſpition, ga
Are at my ſeruice like inforce
And both are readie in their
To grace my ſtratagems.
Glo. Here comes the Maior
Buc. Let me alone to entert
Glo. Looke to the drawbri
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſe
Glo. *Catesby* ouerlooke the
Buc. Harke, I heare a drum
Glo. Looke backe, defend t
Buc God and our innoce
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Ca*

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